Lillie Pozer

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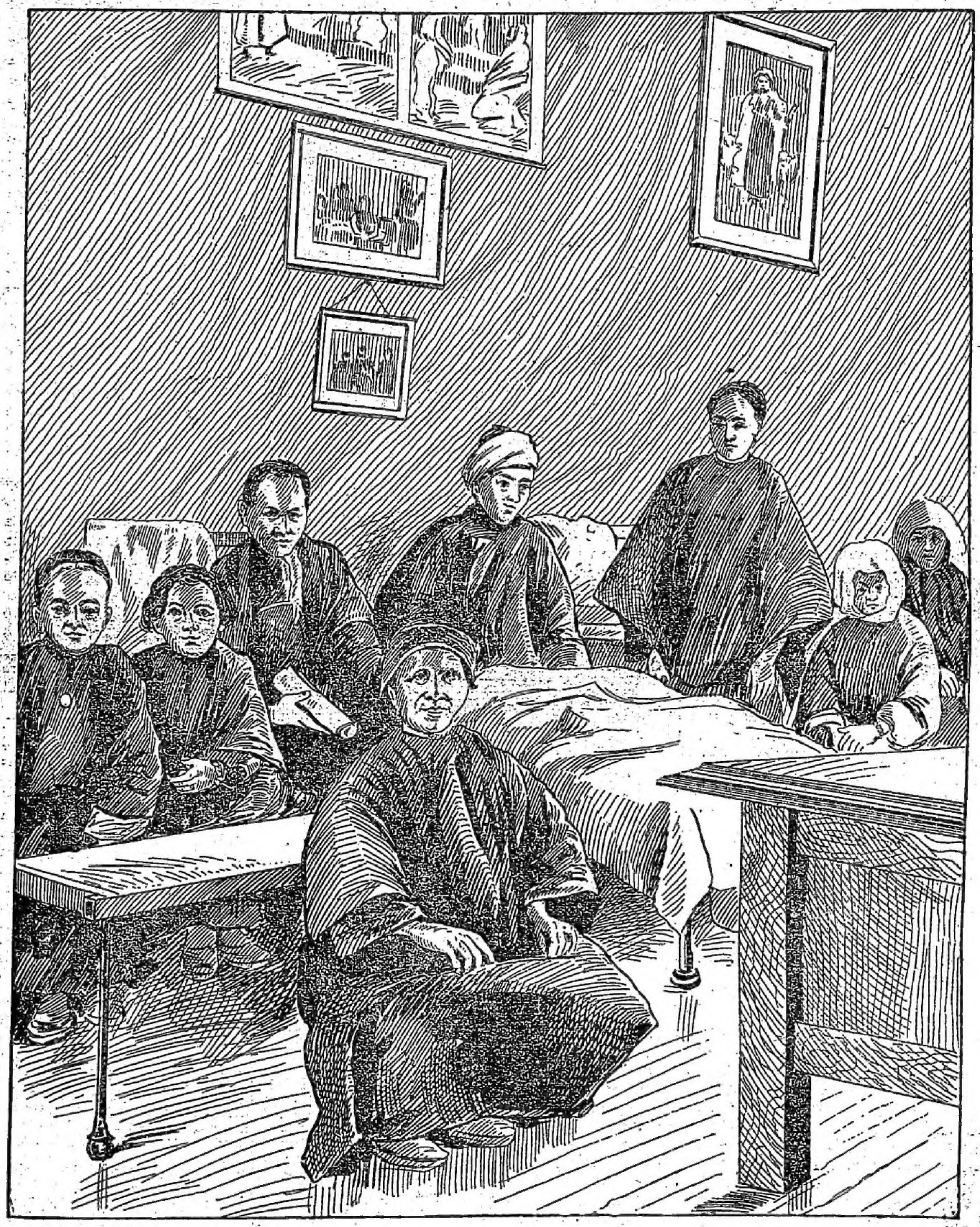

A CHINESE HOSPITAL WARD.

The Women's Hospital at Hankow.

(By Mrs. Arnold Foster.)

So the Margaret Hospital is being enlarged! Now that we have two qualified lady doctors in Hankow, that is quite necessary, for, though a very nice compact little building, it is far too small for the work carried on there. I wish the readers of the 'Messenger' could pay it a visit.

The dispensary waiting-room is often quite full. Forty or fifty women and children gather there, and it is one of the best opportunities of reaching the heathen that we could possibly have.

A bible-woman sits there for some hours, receiving the patients as they come in, and talking to them, except when Mrs. Bonsey, myself, or some other member of the Mission is there to do so. She is a good woman, widow of a preacher, Mr. Wei, who died some six or seven years ago. She talks simply and nicely to the women—better, I think, than the bible-woman who preceded her, and whose superannuation some years ago was rather a relief to me.

She was very fond of using illustrations which did not always commend themselves to me. For instance, she would give a

graphic account of the Creation, and then say: 'God made man of the dust of the earth. You can see it is true, for every time you rub your hand some dirt comes off'!

She would tell them about the creation of Eve, adding: 'And that is why men have a rib less than women; foreign doctors, who know all about anatomy, tell us so'!

She was remarkably fond, too, of beginning her gospel talk with the doctrine of the Trinity, which she thought the women ought to take in very easily.

Mrs. Wei, though not such a capable woman in some ways, yet talks more suitably, and her manners are quieter and more polite, so that some of the in-patients, whom she often visits, get very fond of her, and listen to anything that she has to say as she sits by the side of their beds.

I began to take my part in this work in 1882, when Mrs. John went to England. In those days it was very rare to find a patient who had even heard the name of Jesus, but now there are generally two or three present who have been to the hospital before, or who have some friend or relation who is a Christian, and who, therefore, know something about it.

When I enter the dispensary there is often a terrified hbwl from some little girl, who has come in from the country, and has never seen a foreigner before. Of course, I tell her not to be afraid, and some woman usually explains, 'She thinks you are going to take out her eyes,' and then they all laugh.

Chinese mothers often frighten their naughty children with the threat that foreign devils will come and take out their eyes; and it is not only children who believe this. Last spring a Christian woman was telling me of her heathen mother-in-law in the country, and of how she wished she could get her to come to Hankow to 'hear the doctrine,' but added, 'She is afraid to do so; she believes the foreigners would take out her eyes.' I asked her, 'Did you ever believe that foreigners did such things?' She smiled awkwardly, and said: 'Yes, before I came to Hankow I did. In the country everybody says they do.'

So it is no wonder that the poor little girls often cry at the sight of us.

Sometimes their mothers want to go down on their knees and knock their heads on the dispensary floor, to beseech me to cure them. They say they have heard of my great fame in their distant country home, and so they have come many miles on a wheelbarrow that I may cure them.

It takes a good deal of explanation before they will believe that I am not the doctor, but at last I get them to sit down quietly to listen to the gospel message. It may sound strange to English ears to hear me begin as I often do, 'Have you eaten your rice?' But it is the easiest way of getting their attention and of leading their thoughts to the great God who sends sun and rain, causing the rice and corn to grow that we may be fed.

Very simply we have to talk, with many questions, as if they were tiny children, for they are quite unaccustomed to listening to sermons or discourses of any kind, and it is not easy to get new ideas into their heads.

But I think we have all learned never to go forth to this work without earnest prayer that God, who knows how dark their hearts are, will open and enlighten them, as well as that He will give us just the right message for them.

It is wonderful sometimes how some old woman will take in the gospel story, nodding her white head as she listens, and repeating to some slower neighbor the good news she has just heard: 'Yes, we are sinners, but Jesus, the Son of God, has no sin. He died to atone for our sin. This is the way in which we can be forgiven.'

Of course, our questions often show us how completely we have failed in making our message understood by the women. When we have been talking for some time, it is disheartening to get such answers as the following:—

'Whom have I been telling you to worship?' 'Heaven, earth, and our ancestors.'

'How can we get forgiveness for our sins?' 'By being vegetarians.'

'Who is Jesus?' 'That I do not know.'

While the questions that are put to us in the middle of our discourse rather lead us away from its subject: 'How old are you?' 'How many children have you?' 'Did you make your own dress?' 'How much did it cost?' 'Why don't you wear earrings?' and many more of the same sort.

But I am thankful to say, that we do not have nearly so many interruptions now as we did some years ago. Old patients often come again, and they tell the newcomers that they must be quiet and listen, and when they have paid several visits they get a fair, elementary knowledge of Christian truth.

Of course the in-patients learn more. The matron, though rather ignorant herself, teaches them what she can, and the bible-woman frequently pays them visits. Mrs. Gillison has lately had a short prayer printed, which many of them learn to repeat, and they have daily prayers in the hospital.

Five women who had learned the truth while in-patients at the Margaret Hospital were baptized last year, and many more, I am sure, have had their hearts touched by what they have learned there.—'L. M. S. Chronicle.'

The Last Cigar.

An English clergyman, who was a hard smoker, was cured of the taste for tobacco by a sudden twinge of conscience.

He was sitting one day in his library with an expensive cigar in his mouth when the name of one of his oldest friends was announced. The visitor, when greetings had been warmly exchanged, confessed that he had come upon a begging errand.

A story of pathetic distress was told, and an urgent appeal was made for immediate relief. The clergyman was a warm-hearted, generous man and his hand was plunged at once into his pocket, but he found only a few shillings there. He then fumbled in his desk for his cheque-book, remarking to his friend that it was a very sad and urgent case, and that he would do what he could: but when he looked at his bank-balance his face changed color. The account was nearly over-drawn already.

'I am very sorry,' he said. 'I can only give you a beggarly sum. I did not know how poor I was.'

The cheque which he drew was only a fifth of the amount which was needed. He made many apologies for giving the visitor so little money when his heart was deeply touched, and he longed to do more.

When his friend had gone, he relighted his cigar, but it seemed to have a bitter taste, and he took out a fresh one. Before striking a match he jotted down on paper the price of the cigar, and the number which he usually smoked a day. He found that tobacco was costing him five shillings a day, and over ninety pounds a year—or about four hundred and fifty dollars in American money. The amount which he had given to his old friend in dire distress represented the cost of twenty days' smoking.

The clergyman was an impulsive man. Instead of lighting his fresh cigar of the choicest brand, he threw it into the fire on his hearth. He was so deeply impressed with the thought that a little self-denial on his part would have enabled him to help an old friend in great need that he resolved sternly never to smoke again. Being a man of strong will, he was as good as his word.

This good man's tobacco bill was a heavier one than is ordinarily paid. But many a smoker would be surprised if he were to count the cost of his own self-indulgence in tobacco.

A recent investigation has shown that the students of a military academy in England expend enough money on cigarettes to provide for the education of forty young men too poor to have the same advantages. The effects of tobacco on health may be disputed, but no smoker can deny that smoking is a wasteful habit, and that there would be large compensations for self-denial.—'Youth's Companion.'

What the Church Bell Did.

One Sunday morning, as the people of God in the pleasant little village of M—— were gathering in his sanctury, a boy of some twelve summers was seen to go half way up the church steps, stop, hesitate, go down again, away toward the fields. He was walking briskly, when the clear, silvery tones of the church bell rang out on the still morning air. The boy started, and a troubled look swept across his face. 'Has that old bell got a voice,' he thought to himself; 'it certainly said, 'Come, come, do come."'

'You promised to spend a day in the woods,' whispered the tempter, 'and was George Grey ever known to break his word? And, besides, it is dreadfully warm up there in the church, and so cool and pleasant out here among the clover and the daisies.'

'Come, come, do come,' chimed in the bell.

'Cannot you worship God just as well among the grand old trees and beside the running brook?' suggested the wily one.

Come, come, do come,' urged the bell.

George sat down on a stump, and such a battle as he fought there! He was just on the point of yielding to the tempter, when there came up before him the many times he prayed at his mother's knee: 'Lead us not into temptation,' and of the night when his dear father went 'over the river' to the better land, how he called him to his bedside, and, laying his hand lovingly on his head, with his dying breath said, 'Love God, my boy, and do right always.'

Getting up he began to run towards the church, and never once stopped until he reached the church steps. As he went in, these words fell upon his ear: 'My son, keep thy father's commandments and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When, a few months after, God visited the church with bountiful showers of heavenly grace, George was among the 'first fruits.'

He is an old man now, with locks white with the frosts of many years, and feet trembling on the borders of the grave, but he never wearies of telling how God made the bell of the sanctuary to praise and honor him.—'Good Words.'

The Rev. George Ensor, missionary to Japan, was seated in his study overnight when a tap was heard at the door. On opening it he saw a man with a bible. 'This is your bible,' said the man, 'I have read it—I want to become a Christian.' 'Do you know?' answered Mr. Ensor, 'that by so doing you incur persecution and possibly death.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I know; last night I started to come but fear overtook me; to-night I want you to teach me how to be a Christian.' He was one of Japan's first converts.—From My Mission Note Book.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Mother's Room.

'It is very pretty,' said Mrs. Leslie, looking at the newly arranged dressing-table that she had been called to admire, and then letting her eyes wander around the room with all its dainty blue and white furnishing. 'It all looks so cool and restful.'

'Doesn't it?' answered Laura, well pleased. 'I call it the "Blue Room."'

'And mine is the pink room,' laughed merry Beth, turning to her father who, passing through the hall, had peeped in to see what the three were about.

'NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE,' SAID THE DOCTOR.

'Laura catches at every bit of pretty blue that she can lay her hands upon and bears it off to her bower, while I pounce upon all the pink. Between us we are like Mr. and Mrs. Spratt—we lick the platter clean.'

'I believe you do, if the family pocket-book represents the platter,' answered her father good-naturedly. He was very proud of his bright, handsome girls. 'And what might your mother's room be called?'

'Dear, me! It hasn't any name,' said Laura, with a comical twist of her face, 'but it might safely be called the "left over room," for dear, blessed mamma, takes all the old things, and ugly things, and things that "can be made do," and gives all the nice fresh ones to "the girls."'

All four laughed, as if the arrangement so truthfully stated was the most natural one in the world. Then the mother turned away. She had some work that must be done before supper, she said. Once in her own room, however, she leaned back in her chair and rested a moment before she drew the mending-basket toward her. It might have been because she was tired, or because she saw in it such sharp contrast with the one she had just left, but her own room looked unusually plain, almost shabby, that afternoon. She had taken the old sitting-room carpet, and it was faded and had taken careful turning and much study to make it even whole. The furniture was all in odd, old-fashioned pieces which, though comfortable, did not harmonize. There were no frills or dainty cushions, no little decorative arrangements of any sort. She had no time for them, and they would have seemed hopelessly out of place in the general homeliness. Yet, she had been a beauty-loving girl; she cared for all bright and pretty things still.

'Only, of course, a mother cares more for her children's enjoymant than for her own,' she said, as if answering some secret thought, as she slowly took up her work.

Money had not been very abundant; there had been many little sacrifices that somebody must make, and she had taken these upon herself so quietly that nobody noticed, and had pushed the girls so constantly into life's pleasant things that even her husband had almost forgotten that she might care for them herself. Neither did she think of it. She only acknowledged to herself that the days had grown to seem rather monotonous, and that she found it hard to shake off a feeling of weariness and depression.

A spool of silk worked a revolution. An innocent little spool of silk dropped upon the stairs, on which the mother, hurrying down to look after the tea-table, slipped and fell. The frightened household were at her side in a moment, and found her white and unconscious.

'Carry her to my room,' said Laura's trembling voice. 'There's a light there.'

They laid her gently on the bed in the dainty "Blue Room," and half an hour later the pale face was smiling again, and the bluff family doctor declaring that "it wasn't half as bad as it might have been."

'But there are a lame back and a sprained ankle that must keep her quiet for three or four weeks at least, and you young ladies will have the benefit of running the establishment yourselves.'

'Oh! we will take care of the goods and chattels if you will only mend mother up,' declared Beth, with a laugh on her lip, but with tears in her eyes.

No invalid could have had more tender care, but the unwonted duties kept the young housekeepers busy, and they remarked regretfully on having to leave their patient so much to herself.

'But I don't mind,' she answered one day. 'I'm not suffering now, you know. I can read and think, and it rests me just to be in this lovely room and look aroud me.'

"There, that's what we ought to have known long ago,' said Laura, as she went downstairs again. 'She never shall go back to that ugly, dingy room again, never!'

'But you can't make her consent to keep yours, Laura,' said Beth, doubtfully. 'You know she wouldn't be happy that way.'

'Then we will make hers into a new one,' answered Laura resolutely. 'Something shall be done.'

And so the loving little plot began. There was not much money to spare, but Beth suddenly decided that she could get along nicely without a new dress, and Laura said that since mother was sick she should not be able to take her little trip to the country, anyway. Those bits of economy gave a small fund to start with, and there was ingenuity, and skilful, willing fingers to do the rest.

'It seemed as if the very vines in the hanging-basket knew that they were intended for mother's room, and grew accordingly,' Laura said.

The father was taken into the secret and lent his aid to carry out the plan, and the busy days were happy ones.

'I am well enough now to go back to my own room, and give yours back to you again,' Mrs. Leslie had said several times, and one day the proposition was accepted.

Was there just the faintest breath of a sigh as they drew her chair to the familiar door? If there was, it was lost the next moment in an exclamation of pleasure as her eyes caught sight of the unfamiliar

'WHAT DOES IT MEAN?' SHE SAID.

beauty of the room before her.

'But I don't understand. What does it all mean?' she said.

'It means,' began Beth, 'it means' — and then she choked and left the sentence unfinished.

'It means — do you remember those rag carpets Aunty Dill used to make?' asked Laura, dropping on a hassock at her mo-

ther's feet. 'Some of them had the dark rags all in one stripe and bright ones all in another, and some of them were all mixed through, what she called "hit and miss." Well, this means that our family weaving after this isn't going to put the darkness all in one place and the brightness all in another; it's going to be an even "hit and miss," mother dear. God bless you!'—'Forward.'

Out of the Depths.

(By Hugh Halcro, in 'The Australian Christian World.')

A woman sat on the seashore. The waves swept grandly in almost to her feet, where they broke in lines of curling foam. Farthor out, the sun's radiance touched the sportive ripples into kaleidoscopic brilliance. Still further out, a flotilla of vessels rose and fell with the gentle heave of the water; flashing as the sunshine caught them into things of living loveliness.

But the lonely one saw not the beauty. A tempestuous sea of thought to which the ocean was calm as an inland lake, was tossing her spirit to and fro—the eternal Why? of a soul which had lost its moorings. To the blind eyes which gazed upon them the sky was but a burning brazen dome, the sea a mighty element whose mocking surges voiced the moans of perplexed humanity, yet whose deeps held peace and eternal quiet for those to whom the yoke of life had grown too heavy to be borne.

And the lonely one stretched out her hands with longing to still her stormy soul on its broad bosom, and be rocked into oblivion. The past held nothing good, the future held no promise; why should she live? Motherless, fatherless, husbandless, friendless, life held nothing for her; and now she had just risen from the grave of a buried ambition. For years it had been her all, and her sore heart could find no salve, her blurred eyes could not pierce the pall of this her last, lost love.

'There is no God! There is no hereafter,' her racked soul cried. 'Oh, I must rest, rest, forever'; and again she stretched out her hands in longing to embrace the Elysian nothingness of extinction.

While she thus labored in thought a man stood before her. His form was spare and tall. His face was hidden by a dark cowl, through a slit in which his eyes, black, burning, and unfathomable peered. As the woman gazed into those mysterious eyes, a strange calm rested on her spirit, and she read his errand rightly.

'A boat? Have you a boat? she asked eagerly.

The man made no reply, but beckoned with his hand.

She followed to the water's edge, and stepped into the frail craft which lay there. Her guide followed, and rowed out with her into the deep waters. The waves leaped round them with a soothing gurgle, and the woman felt that her soul would go out with the drifting tide, into the great slumberland, where pain, and love, and hate, could never come. But even as she closed her eyes in lethal anticipation, the boat rocked violently, as if from the effect of a submarine convulsion. She started up in fear, to see her companion erect also, his face still hidden, but his eyes grown terrible, so terrible that she almost swooned in horror. Another mighty heave of the fragile boat and she was lying in the water, those terrible eyes blotted out by the shimmering ripples which eddied round her, bearing her down, down, with a gentle swinging motion, while the waters sung a sweet lullaby in her ears. And the woman heaved a great sigh, and felt that she was passing to the peace that her soul craved. She desired nothing now but to be forever rocked by those kindly waves.

Down, down, down, till the ripples were dead, and the only movement of the waters was caused by her own slow descent. The quiet of death encompassed her, and the waters enfolded her like a vast winding sheet. Tighter, tighter, they were crushing her with their glassy embrace. She experienced a sense of awful suffocating agony. Surely those would be the last pains she would be called upon to endure. A short, feeble battling with the shroudlike wastes, an instant of intense agony, a momentary unconsciousness, and she awoke.

But, oh, the awaking! She had passed the gates of a visionary heaven, to linger in the never-dying hell. Every faculty of her former state was doubly acute; every feeling trebly intensified; every thought a thousand times more vivid. She knew that she was lying at the bottom of the sea, that the stagnant horrible oppression of the vast wall of water could never lift, that one more glance into the beautiful blue of heaven could never more be hers, and, oh! worse than all, was the consciousness that she could never, never, die.

Here and there great fringes of weeds hung suspended, and looked to her fancy like trailing tresses of the drowned. There were flowers, too, heavily-odored blooms, with a weird, unhealthy beauty; sinuous snaky growths over beds of sand; great mounds of broken shells which gleamed like whitened bones, and clusters of coral stretching its pale branches, as if in mute protest. There were also living things, slimy, loathsome creatures, with ghoulish eyes, and lithesome bodies, that struck a shuddering horror to the woman's heart.

As she gazed the veil of imagination was lifted, and she saw the past as it was. Her dulled ears were opened. The things around her were given tongues, and the words they spoke were raised from her dead past — words forgotten — unheeded—but now instinct with life, and—to her intensified understanding—thundering with righteous condemnation.

And they were the words of God, which live for ever and ever:—

'Cans't thou by searching find out God?' rolled out in solemn grandeur—'Cans't thou find out the Almighty to perfection?'

And pealed forth the clear-toned response 'For a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.'

Then a voice of many waters:

'Man's goings are of the Lord, how can a man then understand his own way.'

Then with slow solemnity:

'Far be it from God that he should do wickedness, or from the Almighty that he should commit iniquity.'

And still slower, with an undercurrent of sadness, as though the voices were those of weeping spirits.

'He shall bring upon man his iniquity, and shall cut him off in his wickedness, yea, the Lord our God shall cut him off.'

And as she listened the night of self which had obscured her vision was swept away. Tears swam in her eyes, and rose through the glassy waters, like rare pearls released from the ocean of grief which had enthralled her, and, as the sublimity of the Great One she had denied grew clear, an answering cry broke from her heart of hearts:

'The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me Life.'

Life! Life! Life! was caught in the echoing ripples, as the cry of the awakened soul cleft the waters, and ascended to the throne of God.

And looking up through the glassy waters, the woman saw bent upon her the heavenly blue of two beautiful eyes, with the infinite tenderness of God's love shining in them. Their gentle sweetness pierced her very soul, and she rose to greet with joy the fair Angel of Repentance.

How beautiful was the world; how gracious Heaven's high arch, now that the waves of despair, and unbelief had no more power to bind her to the depths. Her soul was singing, a mute, sweet song, to which the joyous angels in the presence of the Father added a glad refrain. The mute, sweet song floated upwards.

'Oh to die now, and be with him for ever and ever!'

But the Angel of Repentance shook his head, and a light fairer than that of the fairest morning—a light as from the city of God—shone on her pale pure face.

'That is not his will. You shall not die to God, but live to him.'

And the rippling wavelets whispered: 'Live to Him! Live to Him!'

The light on the angel's face was reflected on the woman's, as clasping her hands she cried: 'Oh, glorious thought! I shall live to him. Teach me how! Teach me, O fair angel.'

A swift and sudden burst of music swept through the air, as though an unseen host of sweet musicians touched with trembling fingers a thousand invisible harps. And in the momentary Heaven of which the woman's soul had had cognition, the future widened before her into vast possibilities, vaster, sweeter, ideally grander, than any imagination which may enter into the heart of man.

The pearly gates of vision closed, and the woman found herself upon the shores of a great sea, on which hundreds of vessels went to and fro. A great number were strong and new, noble ships with great white sails, others were old, patched, and weather-beaten. There were also handsome yachts, bold looking frigates, and tiny boats, every kind of craft, from the ocean sailer down to dirty coal hulks. The warm sunlight shone on all alike, and the waters of liquid amethyst washed, with the same gentle caress, each fabric great and small.

The woman gazed on the picture with wondering eyes, but understood nought of its meaning until the angel spoke:

'This is the harbor of Faith. The sun of God's love shines on all, and his waves of everlasting mercy ever bear them up.'

The woman cried: 'Oh that I too might rest upon this harbor.'

The picture passed, and the woman saw a great dock from which many vessels were putting out to sea.

'Are all bound for the same place?' she asked.

'Yes,' replied the angel, 'for the same place though they know it not, for the far shore which men call death, but which God's spirits call life. Let us board this vessel, and thou shalt learn its lesson.'

The chosen boat was named the 'Windpraise.' She was of graceful build, and with her white sails spread, looked like a mighty bird gliding over the water.

'Surely she is bound for a fair country,' the woman said, and she sought out the master to learn her destination.

His name was Strongwill, and his face wore an expression of calm content.

'My boat,' he said proudly, 'is bound for the lonely seas of Ambition, from whence I hope to sail her into the Ocean of Fame, there to erect a mighty beacon which all the world may see.'

'A worthy resolve,' replied the woman.

Day after day as they sailed on, there

seemed every prospect of a speed voyage; but after a time the contrary winds of disapproval blew, and the vessel, beaten to and fro, could make little headway on the broad waters of Ambition. Her master however, still undaunted, spread more sail, and altered her course. This brought her near to the rocks of disfavour; and there, through a long, dark, dreary night, in the teeth of a biting gale of contempt, she was tossed like a plaything for the winds.

The chill morn of another Effort dawned at last, to find the ship a sorry sight, her sails hanging in ribbons from her masts, and all her timbers cruelly strained. Her master, whose face also bore evidence of the storm, had decided to put into the smoother waters of the Bay of Notoriety, hoping to sail thence to the desired haven, and there erect his beacon.

So the sails of the 'Windpraise' were patched and hoisted, and the dangerous latitudes left. All was fair sailing for a time, until, when crossing the shallow Straits of Satisfaction, the boat collided with another.

Both vessels narrowly escaped destruction, and nothing remained but to make for the nearest land, if perchance it might be done with whole timbers. But during the night the cold winds of despair raged, and the 'Windpraise,' drifting before them, was wrecked on the ice-bound shores of the desolate country of Frustrated Hopes, where all on board perished.

'She was a fair vessel,' said the woman sadly, 'better to have had humbler aspirations, and sail over calmer seas, than to be cast away on this inhospitable coast.'

'Look into her hold,' said the angel, 'and you will see the cause of all her troubles.'

The woman did as she was bidden, and at first saw nothing but darkness, and ahead nothing but the swirling of water against the shattered sides of the boat, but suddenly as she gazed into the gloom, an inky scroll unrolled itself in the turbid darkness of the hold, and four letters seemed burnt into the blackness—S E L F. Shrinking back the woman said no more.

Again she found herself beside the great dock, The Threshold of Life, and looked on the launching of vessels.

One was a sister-ship of the 'Windpraise.' Her name was the 'Upward Endeavour.' Boarding her with the angel, the woman found that she also was bound for the Seas of Ambition.

Her master was one Honest Work, and his mate was Self Denial. The ship's lading was of Noble Deeds. Bravely she sailed out of the dock, her white wings of Faith spread to the breeze. On dark nights the Lamp of the Word was lifted aloft. It shed a gleaming pathway over the gloomy waters.

When tempests beat, and the waves rose high, the master then betook himself to his cabin, to study over the Chart in which the Great Master of all mariners had mapped out a clear course.

On, and on she sailed, until Ambition's Seas were left far behind, and she was on a great ocean.

'Surely this is the Ocean of Fame,' said the woman, as she gazed upon the wide blue waters. But the angel made no reply.

After many days, shaping her course for a lonely rock, the master anchored his trusty vessel, while he and his crew set to work to build their beacon. One by one, the stones which had formed her loading were brought from the ship's hold, and placed in position.

Day after day the pile grew, and at last, when it was completed, the woman's heart was full of joy, though she could not have told why.

As she stood gazing upon the beautiful white structure the angel stood beside her, her face shining with celestial joy, and her eyes like stars on a dark night.

'You wonder at its beauty,' she said, in a voice of thrilling sweetness, 'know you not that the rock of its foundation is called, "the Love of God," and this great ocean "the Everlasting Mercy of the Father." The stones of the building are also precious. Do you not see the white stones of Faith and Hope, the corner stones of Conscience and Truth. Then there are the smaller, and no less priceless stones, Good Deeds, Kindness, Selflessness, Right-thinking, and many others, all cemented together by the precious mortar of Charity. This building shall stand for ever, its materials blended and beautified by the Sun of Righteousness, a beacon that all the world may look on and wonder at—the Beacon of a Well-lived Life.'

At Even as she spoke the sun gleamed on the noble pile, lighting it into life; and traced on it, as with a finger of light, the woman saw the fair legend :

'TO THE GLORY OF GOD.'

The Sun rose higher, dyeing the wide waters with golden splendor, and away in the very heart of the sunshine a glorified ship could be seen sailing, sailing, until its spars and masts were lost in a living blaze of glory.

And weeping with joy the woman said to the angel : 'Oh tell me the meaning of this sweet vision.'

'The first ship,' said the angel sadly, 'was thine own soul, almost lost on the rocks of Self and Unbelief—("He that loveth his life shall loose it")—the last,' and her face shone with joy as she spoke, 'was thy True Self made in God's own image, a fitting Temple for the Most High, and lo! my mission is ended; my fairer sister—Sweet Forgiveness—shall, with her kiss of peace, usher you into the Kingdom which knows no end, and "you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."'

* * * *

The woman sat on the seashore—Heaven's peace on her face, Heaven's joy in her eyes, and deep in her heart of hearts 'The love that passeth knowledge.'

And filled with the beauty of the scene she said :

'Out of the depths of my grief comfort has come to me, for I have seen visions, and know that that which seemeth substance is but shadow, while the shadows we fain would hold—the fair ideals which allude us—are the substance, the angel in man. 'The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me Life.' And I go now to seek my True Self.'

And she rose and went her way.

Light in Darkness.

Approaching a heathen town in company with a native brother, we noticed a light in the distance. Pointing to it he said, 'There lives the only Christian in that town. Ten years ago he received Christ; his father and mother turned him adrift, friends forsook, and neighbours persecuted him, but to-day he lives honored by all.' Entering his bamboo hut, I asked if he felt lonely, to which he joyfully responded, 'Lonely! Never! for as God was present with Daniel and those Hebrew youths, as their helper, so for ten years he has lived with me.'—A. H. Baynes.

The Christian citizen's prayer : 'Take my vote and let it be, consecrated, Lord, to thee.' —'The Midland.'

A Trivial Fault.

(By Charlotte Mellen Packard, in 'Wellspring.')

'Rose!'

No answer.

'Rose! the car is coming up Lester street. I'll be there in a moment.'

'Rose!'

Another voice calls from the foot of the stairs, 'Take your gloves and run!'

'My gloves are on my hands, and I am quite ready, mamma,' answers a laughing girl, gliding from the upper regions through the open hall door to a seat in the car.

The young lady who has preceded her gives an annoyed glance at her companion; so dainty, so sweet, is this provoking creature, the half-frown turns to a smile in spite of herself.

'Why should one hurry so desperately, Grace? We shall reach the city hall just as soon as if I had begun to dress an hour ago.'

'But if we had missed this car my plans for the morning would have been entirely disarranged. You made me very uneasy, Rose.'

'My friends ought to be used to my little peculiarity by this time,' responded the unabashed Rose, comfortably, 'I simply cannot hurry for anything or anybody.'

Just then the car slipped a rail and Grace restrained the query on her tongue:—

'Couldn't you exert yourself for your friends' sake?'

'Teasing child!' exclaimed Mrs. Anstey as she returned to the library where her guest, Mrs. Vane, had witnessed the episode, 'Rose has such a perfect temper that she minds our complaints no more than the blowing of the wind. I should think she would weary of being driven to her appointments which, thanks to others, she seldom loses. And, after all, one must not be too severe on a transmitted tendency.'

Mrs. Vane looked grave. 'A dilatory habit is not sinful, but my patience would long ago have given out were the dear child mine. She is quite too charming to allow of such a 'but' in the list of her attractions. You remember my promptness as a schoolgirl?'

'Indeed I do, and Rose is less to blame than her indulgent parents in this matter. We have not taken a serious view of her delays and hindrances, but if it offends those whom she longs to please, it is serious.'

Mrs. Anstey spoke in a tone of pique and her face flushed slightly, but the old friend knew that she was pacified as quickly as ruffled when wisely dealt with.

'Rose is beautiful,' Mrs. Vane replied to the hurt motherly feeling, 'and I have thought of borrowing her for the season at Washington. My Ellen would so enjoy a companion of her own age, and Rose adapts herself so easily to persons and places, it is pleasant to observe her.'

Mrs. Anstey's face was fairly radiant.

'You are too kind. We cannot afford our daughter such privileges as yours enjoys.'

And there the talk was dropped.

The family was nearly done lunch when Rose appeared in the dining-room, not flushed or breathless, for she had taken time to rest a bit and arrange her dress before meeting Mrs. Vane, whom secretly she was trying to copy.

'Am I very tardy?' she asked, with a graceful inclination all round, 'I dare say Bridget has a hot dish for me, I am quite a favorite with our cook,' she explained, resting her fine eyes on Mrs. Vane with that smile which served to remove her mountains.

'Bring the steak for Miss Anstey and tell Bridget that she can leave now,' was the order given the waitress ; and the mother added, 'I kept Bridget to ensure you a good meal after your cold jaunt, my dear. She

begged to go out to her sister's again, and Ann says they are pretty sick at Norah's. I am sorry it is so late, but perhaps it will not matter.'

'Only for the connixion of the cars, marm,' Ann replied respectfully. 'The up cars runs once an hour on that road. It is not wuth while to try to-day because of the dinner coming, she says.'

'How provoking! To-morrow Bridget cannot be spared,' remarked Rose as the door shut, 'but we can send a basket of goodies by Andrew when he goes to Aunt Mary's.'

'So we will!' Mrs. Anstey assented heartily, glad to soften this mortifying proof that delays are dangerous. 'Bridget is so easily scared over Norah's children; it is likely that they only have colds.'

Rose went to the sideboard and selected fruit and fancy crackers, which she packed deftly in a basket and carried to the kitchen, avoiding Bridget's sad looks and excusing her cool thanks.

The family had adjourned to the parlor, and Rose at once took up some fancy knitting of a dainty shawl.

'Now, dear Mrs. Vane, won't you talk while I work and mamma takes her forty winks behind her fire screen?'

'If you will pardon my taking a real nap, Mary, I think my head will be clearer after it for the parlor concert at Mrs. Minot's. By the way, Rose, there is an extra ticket and there will be a seat in the carriage for Miss Lane. Won't you step round to the house and invite her to join us? Go at least an hour beforehand. She is so slow, and it worries her to be pushed for time. You can be counted on, daughter?'

'Oh, certainly, mamma;' and as the door closed, she said, spreading out the fleecy pile on her lap, 'Miss Lane is to receive this shawl at Christmas. She is a reduced gentlewoman and misses so much out of her life that we do what we are able for her comfort.'

Rose was lost in a maze of pleasant thought as the elder woman, who had seen life in many lands, followed the leading of her questions and talked delightfully. Moreover, the fair girl, ensconsed in a crimson chair, made a living picture fairer than fancy.

Once Rose was gently reminded of her mother's request about Miss Lane's invitation.

'I shall go with it in just five minutes by the clock!' she responded; 'and you say that gondoliers are picturesque? more so than our cab drivers, at least. Well, Venice is the goal of my hopes; it is always in the background of my day dreams. Mrs. Vane, were you a castle builder at eighteen years?'

'I was a very practical one,' laughed the lady with a wise nod and glance; 'and your five minutes is now up, dear Rose.'

'No sooner said than done!' The light feet carried her to her chamber where the needed preparations left just twenty minutes for Miss Lane's share of the same.

'If I had known it sooner, dear, I should have been more than glad to go with your mother and her friend, and you have heard what a weakness I have for music? but really. — No, dear, I could not put my things on straight at such short notice. Of course that is no fault of yours,' she added politely.

'THE FAIR GIRL MADE A LIVING PICTURE.'

Rose Anstey left the house rather crestfallen; what but her selfishness had spoiled the treat for the patient soul who had so few pleasures?

'Has Miss Lane a headache?' inquired Mrs. Anstey as they took her daughter up at the street corner. 'It is too bad she can't be one of us.'

'Why, no, mamma!' confessed the girl bravely. 'I was so absorbed in Mrs. Vane's descriptions, that I neglected Miss Lane until just now.'

Rose looked really pained and mortified, and her mother, who was not the most judicious of people, reproved her sharply for the failure in duty, wishing, meanwhile, with all her heart that the honored visitor was not a witness to it.

'Fate is hard on Rose to-day!' the mother reflected; but Mrs. Vane said to herself, 'She is getting the most valuable lesson of her life—because of my presence.'

The concert was choice, and a gay circle clustered about Rose afterward and drove Miss Lane's disappointment from her mind.

But the day's occurrences were not ended until evening, when in reply to an inquiry, Rose was careful to make at table as to Bridget's news if any had reached her, the maid said sadly, 'The small lad, Tim, is dead, and Bridget is the mourner because of niver seeing him alive on this 'arth. He died this afternoon.'

Exclamations of pity and surprise from the family were ready, and the dark eyes of Rose filled with tears.

'Everything is my punishment,' she said bitterly, after Ann had gone out, forgetting the visitor and her own desire to appear creditably. 'If I had hurried ever so slightly, Bridget might have got to her sister's.'

'Very likely she would not have seen Tim living; don't cry, dear,' Mrs. Anstey pleaded, laying her hand on Rose's soothingly, but for once the caressing touch irritated.

Mr. Anstey, a rather preoccupied man of business, suddenly awoke to the real truth of his daughter's self-reproach.

'We have apologized too often for your dilatory habits, mother and I; have we not, daughter? I am sure this lesson is for life, if poor Bridget's sorrow is increased by the idea that you hindered her. We love our little girl too well to spoil her!'

'Faults are never trivial,' Rose Anstey assured herself as she lay down on her bed that night. How meagre looked the acts of generosity that she had hitherto felt to be sufficient to cover any inconvenience she gave! Miss Lane's shawl would not conceal, nor the belated basket of dainties, nor the box of bonbons meant to propitiate her cousin Grace, whom she had kept a half-hour from her music master for no special reason but a fancy for hanging over a decision easily reached, none of these gifts, as she owned, would conceal the selfishness of other doings, too numerous or too slight to be mentioned.

The new white leaf was resolutely turned, and none more than Mrs. Vane appreciated the frank acknowledgment of her resolution to reform. This I am glad to say was persevered in, but Rose Anstey was not asked to Washington that winter.

Habits of Observation.

Two boys one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

'Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?' he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

'Nothing, except that they seem to come and go,' replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

'I notice that they fly away in pairs,' he said. 'One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps as among bees?'

'Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden,' replied the naturalist. 'The one you thought a "do-nothing" had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials.'

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply, look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. You may not became great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser, and quite probably much better men. —'Adviser.'

Correspondence

We receive a good many letters from our readers asking us to have their letters printed in the next week's paper. We would explain to our little friends that it takes some time to 'set up' and print a paper. The material has to be sent in some days before the paper is issued. Then, as there are always some other letters waiting for their turn to go in, our readers can easily see why their requests can not be exactly fulfilled.

Some correspondents ask why each letter is not signed by the correspondent's full name. This is a question which it pains us to have to answer. We are sorry to have to say that there are some wicked people always on the lookout for the addresses of boys and girls that they may send them papers and books which are not fit to read. We believe every boy and girl should show their mothers all the literature that comes into their hands, because many a young life has been poisoned and ruined by reading injurious and evil stories from some flashy sheet, given or sent to them by some enemy of their souls. For this reason young people should be very careful about sending their address to any one they do not know.

The 'Messenger' is careful not to give the correspondent's full address for this reason. Although we know it would be a pleasure to some of the little people to see their whole names in print, they must try to take the same pleasure from seeing their first name and address.

Try to say the most interesting things you can in the fewest words. Write on one side only of the paper. Give your name, age, and address clearly, and address all letters 'Messenger' Correspondence, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.'

HONORABLE MENTION.

Angeline, N. Dakota; Wm. R., St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Eva, Sable River, N.S.; Bertha, Plum Hollow; Bertha, Folly Mountain; Lida, West Amherst; Bertha, Illinois; Ethel, Solon; Lloyd, Arthur; Georgia, St. Armand; Louie, Wiarton; Jessie, Wheatland, Man.; Maggie, Noel Shore; Frank, Bloomfield; Annie, Middleton; Grace, Salmon River; Clara, Cottonwood Creek; Lizzie, Ohio; Jennie, Michigan; Goldie, Kansas; Edith, Vermont; John, Kensington; Ralph, Black River Bridge; Nellie, Glenmore; Nellie May, Billsborrow, N.Y.; Clement, Whitbourn, Nfld.; Lillie, South Buxton; Priscilla, Porter's Hill; from Campobello Island:—Merril, Minnie, Evelyn, Flossie, Colwell; John, Archie, Angus, Nicholas, Everett, Eva, Elma, Pertie, Arthur, Leander, Carol, Vida and Lena.

Brookfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Last summer we had two kittens, a black one and a grey one, we called them Sim and Nig. We used to dress them up and they would go to sleep in our arms. We kept them in a work shop, and one time when we came home from fishing we laid our rods with the hook and line attached against the wall of this shop. Somehow the hook got loose and hung dangling in the air.

One day my brother was working in the shop, but he did not notice that Nig was playing with the hook until he looked around and found that it had caught in poor kitty's shoulder. He could not get it out without hurting him very much, so he had to be killed.

Sim is now a great big cat, and he has another brother as black and sleek and pretty as Nig.

NINA.

Billsborrow, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live near Seneca Lake and can see the trains when they pass.

I feel sorry for little Alice who has never seen a train. I go to school every day, and have just completed the multiplication tables.

NELLIE MAY, aged 7.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Editor,—Our Band of Hope meets every Saturday afternoon, for an hour. The meeting opens with reading and prayer. We have singing, and the superintendent tells us temperance stories; we did not have a Band of Hope here until this last winter. We opened with thirteen, now we have a membership of one hundred and seven. My only pets are my twin brothers, they are both members of the Band, and are not five years old.

ETHEL, aged 10.

Upper Musquodoboit.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters and little folks' pages, and mamma reads the other stories to us. I have one sister and three brothers, the baby is one year old. My little sister has a lovely white cat.

EVA, aged 9.

Fairfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—In 1887 there was organized in this place a lodge called I. O. G. T. (Independent Order of Good Templars), there are fifty-nine members, thirteen of them are officers. I am one of the officers. Our meetings are held every Friday night in a hall not far from our house. There is a schoolhouse and Baptist church, both nicely furnished, in this district, also a temperance hall, which the lodge has built and furnished with lots of chairs and an organ, etc. Our lodge meetings are very interesting. We have recitations, readings, music, speeches and dialogues. The temperance people here are working hard for prohibition. I have heard temperance lectures, but I don't think they are as good as one meeting of our lodge. The lodge educates us young people in temperance principles. We have no juvenile lodge in this district, so our parents take their children to lodge, and they are allowed to take part in the entertainment. We have a fine band of little singers here, from eight to ten years of age, which help us much. About once a year we have a pound party in our lodge room, at which the ladies are expected to bring a pound of cake, the gentlemen a pound of confectionary or fruit. First we have a half-hour's temperance entertainment, then, when the committee are opening the pounds and preparing to serve, the company enjoy a good sociable chat, then the refreshments, with hot coffee, are passed around until everybody is served, which takes up some length of time. After the party breaks up we often hear the remark, 'What a good time we have had.' I remain your reader,

ANNIE, aged 14.

Listowel.

Dear Editor,—I think I never read as nice a paper for boys and girls as the 'Northern Messenger.'

I have two pair of rabbits which are my constant delight. And I love to see them skipping around in the grass and diving into their boxes when I go to catch them. I often take a book, and while pretending to study it, I will lie and watch the dear little things for hours when I have the time.

Last week I went down to the river to see some sheep being washed. I soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and I began to help the other boys in taking the unwilling sheep down to the water's edge. Soon we had them all done but one large sheep, and after some chasing we caught it and took a good grip of the dirty wool, and then began to coax it along, seemingly inch by inch. At last we arrived at our destination and had halted when the sheep began to struggle. Our feet became entangled, and as I had not as many as the sheep, I fell headlong into the muddy water. I went home as soon as I could get out of my unpleasant situation, and since that I have never entertained a very happy idea of sheep-washing.

Your interested reader,

FRED, aged 14.

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—I go to Mission Band and to the Band of Hope, and I like them both. There was a meeting for the Band of Hope not long ago, and we sang hymns at it, and we saw pictures of the little Chinese children. And at Mission Band we saw a Chinese woman's slipper, and it was no bigger than a big doll's slipper would be.

THERESA, aged eight.

Ayr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was at a temperance lecture recently, conducted by Miss Vincent, a missionary of the W. C. T. U. The subject of the lecture was the story of Miss Vincent's life. She had a magic lantern, and showed us many interesting pictures. When she was a little girl her father used to have wine at his table, and he gave it to her for the pleasure of seeing her drink it.

When she grew older she wanted to have it. In later years she became a school teacher, but could never keep her positions on account of her drinking. Then she would come home.

One time she came home (having spent all her money), and resolved to drink no more. But the craving was too much for her. She had no money, (and she would not ask her father for any), so she went to a druggist and got a bottle of liquor without paying for it. This was continued until the druggist would not let her have any more, and told her he would notify her father and make him pay for it. But she begged him not to, and said she would work and pay for it. At last she sailed away to Orleans. Here she wasted her money, and was going to commit suicide, but was prevented.

One day she strayed into a religious meeting where she was converted.

A few years afterward she got word from her brother saying that if she wanted to see her father before he died she must come at once. She did so, and she was made most welcome. She brought her father and mother to Christ, and is now a missionary in Australia, after being a castaway for five years.

ELSIE, aged fourteen.

Bay of Quinte,

Dear Editor,—For miles around here there is no liquor sold. There is no Band of Hope or temperance society here. I wish there was. I would like to belong to one, but we are temperance people, and thoroughly detest the very name of liquor, and tobacco in any form.

My pets consist of a cat named Tom, a dog named Jack, and twelve little white chickens.

ETHEL, aged twelve.

VIOLA'S CANARY.

Lakeland, Man.

Dear Editor, — We live near Lake Manitoba, in a lonely part of the country, lonely of course for the want of settlers. I will tell you about the canary I got on my seventh birthday. I called him Dick. He was a splendid singer. One morning there was a little yellow chicken running about the floor when I let Dick out of his cage to have a little exercise. When he saw the chicken he ran up to it and began to sing, thinking it was a bird, but the chicken only hung down its head, and shut its eyes, he was so frightened that he did not know what else to do.

Dick kept on singing and dancing around the chicken until he was tired, then he went away to find something else to amuse himself with. I guess my letter is getting pretty long, so I will stop.

I am, your fourteen year old reader,

VIOLA.

Hart, Mich.

Dear Editor, — Mamma used to live in Whitby, Ont., and took your paper when she was younger than I am.

I am almost twelve years old, and am four feet nine inches tall and weigh seventy-seven pounds.

My grandma lives with us now, and takes your paper.

JESSIE.

Dix, Jefferson County, Ill.

Dear Editor,—Although I live far away, I thought I would like to be one of your correspondents. We have had the 'Northern Messenger' in our home ever since I can remember, and we feel as though we could not do without it. We have but one pet, and that is a little niece, we call her Eva. We have a nice place to play. Papa made us a swing under some shady trees. We have great fun swinging.

VERSA, aged eleven.

St. Johnsbury Ctr., Vt.

Dear Editor,—Our teachers and scholars went out in the woods, we saw seeds of plants. We saw blackberry bushes and ferns. Then we sat down on a large rock and talked about worms.

WM. R., aged fourteen.

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—My little brother gets the 'Messenger' at the public school, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence Column.

I feel sure that strong drink does no one any good, but it does bring sorrow and desolation to hundreds of homes. I wonder that men do not see the harm that it does them; it steals away their money, their good looks, their health, and their happiness, and what wicked and cruel things they often do while under its influence. I would delight in seeing every saloon in the wide world swept out of existence. I belong to the Band of Hope and am endeavoring to get all who will to sign the total abstinence pledge.

MAGGIE.

Matty and Kitty.

'Now, Miss Matty, I've to go to the post with this letter. Will you be good while I'm out, and not get into any mischief?'

Nurse never liked to leave Matty alone for long, for though the little girl always declared afterwards that she meant no harm, she was so heedless that she could not be trusted Not long ago she had nearly burnt all her hair off, by trying

MATTY AND KITTY.

to singe it with a match, 'as the hairdresser did when I got my hair cut,' she afterwards explained.

Now, however, she promised to play with pussy and the kitten quite quietly, until nurse returned, and not to go near the fire or touch the matches.

For a little time she faithfully kept this promise. It is true she pulled the wires out of nurse's knitting, for Kitty wanted to play with it; 'and if I leave them in,' reflected Matty, 'pussy may hurt herself with them.' So out came the wires, and 'Matty and Kitty' had a grand game with the unfortunate piece of knitting. In the middle of it all, Kitty jumped into the coal-scuttle with the ball of wool in her mouth, and when Matty pulled her out her little white nose and paws were all black.

'Now I shall fill the bath,' said the naughty little girl, 'just as nurse does.' But she soon found this was more difficult than she thought, and a great deal of water was splashed about on the floor before the bath was full enough to please her.

And then what a fuss Kitty made when Matty plunged her in! Oh, how she struggled and mewed, and at last, all wet and soapy, she escaped from Matty's grasp, leaving a long, red scratch on one of her fat little hands.

'Oh, dear! oh dear!' cried Matty, 'I wish I had never touched you, you spiteful little thing! and oh—' (suddenly remembering her broken promise), 'I am afraid nurse will be angry when she comes in.'

And nurse was angry. She found her knitting behind the coalbox, and the bedroom floor splashed with soapy water while Matty's dress and pinafore were almost as wet as poor Kitty.

'You are one of the most troublesome children that I have ever had to do with,' she exclaimed; 'and you shall go to bed for the rest of the afternoon.'

Then, of course, Matty wished she had been more obedient; but I think what made her feel really sorry was mother's sad face when she came up to bid her good-night.

'Father and I have been so lonely without our little daughter,' she said. (Matty was always allowed to be a little while in the drawing-room with her parents before she went to bed.) 'You know, Matty, when you are naughty it grieves us very much.'

And Matty with tears promised to be more obedient in the future. —'Early Days.'

A Lie.

She told a lie, a little lie—
  It was so small and white,
She said, 'It cannot help but die
  Before another night.'
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as
    snow.

But oh, the lie! it larger grew,
  Nor passed by night or day;
And many watched it as it flew,
  And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to
    death,
They blew it onward with their
    breath.

And in its track the mildew fell,
  And there were grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily bell
  Was shriveled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and
    white
Were large and strong, and black
    as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
  And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
  Had smote her in the face—
Something that cried in thunder
    tone,
'I come! I come! take back your
    own!'
—Ella M. H. Gates.

God Knew.

Ettie Madge had told a 'fib.' Nurse said so.

Now, when nurse said anything of that kind, it was sure to come to mother's ears; so Ettie, who had shaken herself free of nurse, and run out in the garden to play, presently heard her mother calling her.

She denied at first, of course.

GOD KNEW.

'Nurse has no business to tell tales,' said she.

'But it isn't "telling tales" unless it's true you told the lie,' said mother, looking off her darning into Ettie's eyes. 'If that isn't true, then nurse is telling something else, and not a "tale."'

'A big fib, of course,' said Ettie, who thought she saw a loophole to get out at; 'and she's no business to.'

'But, you see,' said her mother, 'nurse says you told the fib, and you say nurse told it. Which of you is right?'

'Nurse did tell it,' began Ettie vehemently.

But mother stopped her.

'Wait a bit,' said she. 'All the while there was Somebody looking on and listening, although you could not see Him standing there. And He saw all you did—both you and nurse—and He heard all both of you said. Who is it I mean?'

Ettie hung her head.

'God,' she whispered very low.

Mrs. Madge was silent, and Ettie stood before her watching as she drew the needle in and out.

Presently she came a little nearer. 'Mother,' faltered she, 'I told it.'

'And God knew it,' said Mrs. Madge, 'although I did not. I am glad that you have told me,' continued she. 'I should not have punished you if I had not had the truth from your own lips, because I have no right to believe nurse in preference to you. But remember this: whether you are punished for a lie you have not told, or whether you escape just punishment by denying a lie which you have told, God knows.'

'And it would be better to be punished for the lie you had not told,' said Ettie thoughtfully.

'Because God would know you had not told it after all.'

'But you wouldn't know, and father,' said Ettie; 'and I shouldn't like that.'

Mrs. Madge drew her close.

'Mother can generally see it in your eyes when you are telling her the truth,' said she.—'Children's Treasury.'

That Boy Across the Way.

(L. de Armond.)

Over the way in a cottage small,
Not fine, but trim and neat,
While in and out, through storm and shine,
Hurry the busy feet
Of a sturdy lad with freckled face,
Who whistles, oh, so gay,
With never a frown upon his brow,
That boy across the way.

His clothes are patched, but his face is clean,
And full of honest pride,
His hands are hard, but the kindly deeds
They do all roughness hide:
A burden heavy those shoulders bear,
The mainspring, so they say,
Of the cottage is that whistling lad
Who lives across the way.

Yet never an ugly word I hear,
From early morn till night.
Done heartily, as to the Lord,
Love makes each task seem light;
And as I list to the cheery notes,
Down in my heart, I pray,
O Heavenly Father, bless the lad
Who lives across the way.
—'Christian at Work.'

A little girl, whilst discussing with her mother the relative guilt of stealing or lying, said: 'If you steal anything you can take it back or pay for it, but,' she added, with awful solemnity, 'if it's a lie, it is there for ever!' Thousands of years have passed since Jacob deceived his father by that lie, and it is there still. Beware! A lie told once is there for ever!—'Bible Warnings.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XIX.—THE FOLDING DOOR.

1. Why do we sometimes call the mouth a folding-door?

Because things can come out as well as go in.

2. What are the things that come out?

The words that show what kind of thoughts we think.

3. Why should we be careful of our thoughts?

The thoughts make our real soul, for 'as a man thinketh so is he.'

4. If our lives and thoughts are true and good, what will our words be?

Wise, true, gentle, and helpful to all around us.

5. If the inner life and heart are bad, how will that show in our words?

Vile and wicked words, and perhaps lies and swearing will come out of these folding doors.

6. What is the surest way to keep such bad words from coming out?

To have only good thoughts and desires in our hearts and brains.

7. What is one of the things that puts bad thoughts into the mind?

Alcoholic drinks are almost sure to cause bad thoughts and bad words.

8. Why is this?

Because they poison the brain from which the thoughts come.

9. How do they affect truth telling?

They deceive the drinker and make him deceive others. A drunkard cannot be trusted to tell the truth.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XIX.—ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

1. Is alcohol ever used in sickness?

Yes: alcohol is used very often as a medicine.

2. Is it a safe thing to use in this way?

It is a very dangerous thing. It has been found that almost always it injures the patient, instead of helping him. And there is always a great danger of producing an appetite for alcohol which may make him a drunkard if he recovers from his illness.

3. Can you give any instance in which alcohol has been found to injure a patient?

A celebrated English physician says that in ten years, while he used alcohol as a medicine for himself, he had sixteen very severe attacks of gout, each lasting from one to four weeks. Then he gave up the use of alcohol, and in the next ten years he had only four attacks, and these very light and soon cured.

4. For what diseases has alcohol been used?

For almost all diseases; for fevers, for consumption, for cholera, and many others.

5. What is the result of using alcohol in fevers?

In one London hospital, of two hundred and eighty-one cases of fever nearly all treated by alcohol, sixty-nine died; or about one in four of the whole number.

6. Is that a large rate of deaths?

Yes, indeed. In a hospital established by Dr. Nicolls, in London, where alcohol was never used, only seven fever patients died out of one hundred and forty-two; only about one in twenty. Five times as many recovered as where alcohol was used.

7. Is alcohol good for a person ill with consumption?

It is the worst possible thing. At first, under the excitement produced by alcohol he may seem stronger; but the action of alcohol in thickening the blood and in weakening the little blood-vessels in the lungs, will really hasten the disease, and bring an earlier death.

8. What do you know about alcohol in cholera?

An English physician who treated with alcohol a great number of patients ill with this disease, in 1849, says that about half of them died. But of some persons who refused to take alcohol, two-thirds recovered.

9. Are there any large hospitals where alcohol is not used?

Yes, several; in the London Temperance Hospital it is hardly ever used, and the death rate is much lower than at any other hospital in that city.

10. What do physicians themselves say of the use of alcohol?

That it does not cure, but does real harm. And that there is no disease in which something else may not be used instead of alcohol, and much more safely.

11. Are many physicians coming to think in this way?

Yes, very many, both in England and America. In 1872, two hundred and sixty-nine leading English physicians signed a paper in which they declared that alcohol should be used only with the very greatest care, and that physicians are morally bound to try in every way to decrease all use of alcohol.

12. Do you know of any other physicians who have thought the same?

In our country, the same year, the American Medical Association, at a great meeting, where 1,000 members were present, passed a resolution to discourage the use of alcohol as a medicine. And in Holland six hundred physicians declared the use of alcohol most injurious in all diseases, especially in consumption.

13. What great danger did you say there is for the patient, even if he recovers?

The danger that he will learn to love the alcohol taken first as a medicine, and will keep on using it till he becomes a slave to the habit.

14. Have such cases often occurred?

Yes, very, very, often. A great many poor men and women have become helpless drunkards in this way.

15. What do you think, then, it is best to do even when we are ill?

It is best to refuse to take alcohol at all, unless in great danger of death; and then only till the immediate danger is past.

16. And what shall we hope may soon come in all medical practice?

The complete banishment of alcohol as a medicine.

Hints to Teachers.

The question of alcohol as a medicine is a difficult one to explain to young children. Yet the peril attending the medical use of alcohol is so great we can hardly venture to avoid the subject. We can explain that many deadly poisons, arsenic, belladonna, strychnine, etc., are useful as medicines in certain severe diseases, and taken in very small and careful doses. In the same way alcohol may sometimes be used in an emergency, as in complete prostration, when a powerful stimulant is for the time needed. But, with that exception, alcohol, we may safely teach, should be banished from all medical practice. And as physicians become wiser they are abandoning its use, finding safe and efficient remedies. The children will comprehend the danger of forming, during an illness, an appetite for intoxicants, and will realize how much more serious a disease this appetite is than the one for which the alcohol was given. And they may rightly be taught to refuse to take alcohol even in illness.

The Ideal Press.

PROBLEM No. 2.

(From 'In His Steps,' by Chas. M. Sheldon.)

Norman's attention was directed to the advertising phase of his paper. He had not considered this before. As he glanced over the columns he could not escape the conviction that Jesus could not permit some of them in his paper. What would Jesus do with that other long advertisement of liquor? Raymond enjoined a system of high license, and the saloon and the billiard hall and the beer garden were part of the city's Christian civilization. He was simply doing what every other business man in Raymond did. And it was one of the best paying sources of revenue. What would the paper do if it cut these out? Could it live? That was the question? But—was that the question after all? 'What would Jesus do?' That was the question he was answering, or trying to answer, this week. Would Jesus advertise whiskey and tobacco in his paper?

Edward Norman asked it honestly, after a prayer for help and wisdom he asked Clark, the managing editor, to come into his office.

Clark came in feeling that the paper was at a crisis and prepared for almost anything after his Monday morning experience. This was Thursday.

'Clark,' said Norman, speaking slowly and carefully. 'I have been looking at our advertising columns and have decided to dispense with some of the matter as soon as the contracts run out. I wish you would notify the advertising agent not to solicit or renew the ads. I have marked here.'

He handed the paper with the marked places over to Clark, who took it and looked over the columns with a very serious air.

'This will mean a great loss to the 'News.' How long do you think you can keep this sort of thing up?' Clark was astonished at the editor's action, and could not understand it.

'Clark, do you think that if Jesus were the editor and proprietor of a daily paper in Raymond, he would print advertisements of whiskey and tobacco in it?'

Clark looked at his chief with that same look of astonishment which had greeted the question before.

'Well—no—I—don't suppose he would. But what has that to do with us? We can't do as he would. Newspapers can't be run on any such basis.'

'Why not?' asked Edward Norman, quietly.

'Why not! Because they will lose more money than they make, that's all.' Clark spoke out with an irritation which he really felt. 'We shall certainly bankrupt the paper with this sort of business policy.'

'Do you think so?' Norman asked the question not as if he expected an answer but simply as if he were talking with himself. After a pause he said,

'You may direct the advertising clerk to do as I said. I believe it is what Jesus would do, and as I told you, Clark, that is what I have promised to try to do for a year, regardless of what the results may be to me. I cannot believe that by any kind of reasoning we could reach a conclusion justifying Jesus in the advertisement, in this age, of whiskey and tobacco in a newspaper. There are some other advertisements of a doubtful character that I shall study into. Meanwhile I feel a conviction in regard to these that cannot be silenced.'

Clark went back to his desk feeling as if he had been in the presence of a very peculiar person. He could not grasp the meaning of it all. He felt enraged and alarmed. He was sure any such policy would ruin the paper as soon as it became generally known that the editor was trying to do everything by such an absurd moral standard. What would become of business if this moral standard were adopted. It would upset every custom, and introduce endless confusion. It was simply foolishness. It was downright idiocy. So Clark said to himself, and when Marks was informed of the action, he seconded the managing editor in some very forcible ejaculations. What was the matter with the chief? Was he insane? Was he going to bankrupt the whole business. Thirty thousand dollars a year would be lost, by refusing the liquor and tobacco advertising.

But Edward Norman had not faced his most serious problem. What that was will be discovered by reading 'In His Steps,' by Chas. M. Sheldon.

TEMPERANCE WORK FOR ALL.

It would be well if several copies of 'In His Steps' were in circulation in every Church, Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, Temperance Organization, and Young Men's Christian Association throughout the country. The book is of vital interest just now, and of more than common interest as a story at any time. Almost anyone could secure a dozen copies or so free as the result of an afternoon's visiting. Will you have the honor of circulating these books in your church or society? See last page. If you have not time suggest it to someone else. The young people could help.

Every man should shun liquor-drinking as he would taking arsenic.

LSSON III.—JULY 17.

Elijah on Carmel.

I. Kings xviii., 30-39. Memory verses, 36-39. Read whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'When all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.' (I. Kings xviii., 39.)

Home Readings.

M. I. Kin. xviii., 1-24.—Elijah sent to meet Ahab.
T. I. Kin. xviii., 25-46.—Elijah on Carmel.
W. Josh. xxiv., 14-25. — 'Choose . . . whom you will serve.'
T. Ps. xcvii., 1-12.—'A fire goeth before him.'
F. Lev. ix., 1-24.—'The glory of the Lord appeared.'
S. Heb. xii., 14-29.—'Our God is a consuming fire.'
S. Ps., cxliv., 1-15.—'Happy . . people whose God is the Lord.'

Lesson Story.

Three years had passed since Elijah had first stood before Ahab to deliver God's message, when God told Elijah to again show himself to Ahab and proclaim the end of the famine.

Ahab and Obadiah, the chief man of the king's household, had divided the country between them to make a thorough search for water, that if possible they might save the lives of their cattle. Now Obadiah was a good man, who feared God. As he went on his way he suddenly met Elijah, who sent him to tell Ahab that he was there.

King Ahab's greeting to Elijah was surly, 'Art thou he that troubleth Israel?' Elijah replied that the sins of Ahab and his people were the real trouble, because they had forsaken Jehovah and worshipped false gods. Then Elijah told Ahab to summon all the priests of Baal and the prophets of the groves, to Mount Carmel, and all Israel stood by to watch.

'How long halt ye between two opinions?' asked Elijah, the Lord's messenger. 'If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.' But the people answered nothing.

Then Elijah proposed a test as to the true God of nature. To the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal was to be given one bullock, which they should dress and lay on their altar and sacrifice to their God, and he would do the same with another bullock. If Baal could send fire from heaven to consume his sacrifice that would prove that he was the God of nature. But if Jehovah should answer with fire that would prove that the God of Israel was Lord of the whole universe.

The priests of Baal took the bullock and called upon Baal with heart rending cries and cut themselves with knives and lancets to make their idol answer—but it could not. For hours the people stood watching and listening, but finally the priests had to give it up.

At the time of the evening sacrifice Elijah, the man of God, called all the people near to watch him as he took twelve stones and repaired the altar of the Lord. He made a deep trench about the altar, and after the wood and sacrifice were laid in order, he had the people pour twelve barrel-fuls of water over the altar, so that the water flooded the trench. Then Elijah prayed, calmly and with steadfast faith, 'Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word.

'Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.'

Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the sacrifice, and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it they fell on their faces worshipping and praising Jehovah, the God of Israel, the God of the whole earth.

Then Elijah took the prophets of Baal and slew them all that they might not further defile the people.

Then God sent the long looked for rain, and the people rejoiced in the Lord.

Lesson Hints.

'Come near'—everything was to be done openly in the sight of all the people. The servants of God are not ashamed of their works.

'Repaired the altar' — possibly one that Jezebel had caused to be thrown down. Elijah was the restorer of the law and religion of Jehovah, building up that which had been cast down.

'Twelve stones'—signifying the unity of Israel, the twelve tribes, God's chosen people. 'Israel'—Gen. xxxii., 28.

'The third time'—Making twelve drenchings of the sacrifice, the number of the tribes. Elijah caused the altar to be drenched in this way, to avoid all possible suspicion of fraud.

'The evening sacrifice'—three o'clock in the afternoon. Elijah's work was in harmony with the law of God.

'God of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel'—the living God, (Mark xii., 26, 27.)

'Thou art the Lord'—Jehovah who hast led thy people out of bondage, through the wilderness, and into this pleasant land; watching over them and caring for them constantly.

'The fire of the Lord fell'—every one could plainly see that God had answered and given abundant witness to his messenger.

'The Lord, he is the God'—Jehovah, he is my God. Psalm xlviii., 14.

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Where had Elijah been since he first appeared to Ahab?
2. Where did the people assemble to hear Elijah?
3. Why could not Baal answer his worshippers? Psa. cxv., 4-9.
4. Why was Elijah confident that God would answer?
5. How did the rain come?

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

July 17.

If God's people would repair his house they must rally round their standardbearer. verse 30. Also I. Chron. xvi., 22.

There was no virtue in the stones that Elijah built into an altar, only inasumch as that altar led the hearts of the people Godward. How are we building? Verses 31, 32.

No water can quench the fire of God. Verses 33-35. Heb. xii., 29.

Elijah's earnest prayer beside the altar was answered through the penitent cry of the people. Verses 36, 37 and 39. God's fire is purifying to his people, but destructive to his enemies. Verse 28. Matt. iii., 10-12.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

July 17. — Christianity compared with other religions.—Acts xvii., 22-31.

'Teacher's Material Equipment in Class Work.'

In everyday business a thorough equipment requires money or capital. It is so in primary class work, and no other investment brings larger returns.

Churches and parents should provide generously to make the room where Christ's little ones may start in the heavenward way a place of comfort and joy. Necessary furnishing means little seats, an organ or piano, bookcase, table and blackboard.

There should be suitable pictures on the walls, plain maps, attractive lettering on printed mottoes or texts, key-words in colors for exercises to be memorized. Bible lesson pictures are invaluable, also a cabinet of collected treasures for object lessons and illustrations.

Picture cards for each new scholar, birthday cards to be sent by mail, reward cards or books for Golden Text recitation or special merit, all are helpful. There should be bibles or testaments provided to give any child who has none; singing books, or song rolls, lesson papers, Golden Text books or lesson lists for the year; illustrated and story papers to be taken home.

Cards of membership and of promotion, illuminated texts or dainty booklets for the sick—all these are ways to scatter the Divine Word, and claim the promise, 'It shall not return void.' Wide-awake teachers, earnestly seeking to be well equipped, ought to have every help adapted to their scholars and surroundings.

Are they positively necessary? No; many a remote, bare little schoolhouse has been the birth-place of souls. Never let a teacher be discouraged, even though the meeting place be a hillside or sheltering tree, where, like the Master, they may talk of the birds of the air, the grass, the fields, the sky and the flowers, for he who provides his own object lessons will surely add his blessing. — Faith Latimer, in 'The Monthly Bulletin.'

Teaching Scripture.

But a knowledge of children alone never made a good Sunday-school teacher. We teach a book; we endeavor to translate a written record into such pictures and moral impressions as shall enter into the life of the child and help to form his character. The bible is fundamentally a childlike book. It is vivid, picturesque, it deals with elemental truth, its oldest portions date from the childhood of the world, its latest words are from the pen of a most child-like man, the aged John. The efficient teacher must know this book not only from the stand-point of the scholar, but also from that of the child. To gain such a knowledge neither the critical nor the literary study of the scriptures will suffice. The teacher must become as a little child, that he may enter the kingdom of heaven and understand the sublime simplicity of Jesus.

And since the bible is unique also in its power over the hearts of young and old, leading them as guided by the Holy Spirit into the truth of God and bringing them to repentance and faith, therefore let the Sunday-school teacher thank God and take courage. It is written, 'As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' We expect no miracle to make effectual the work of a stupid teacher; but we do expect the merciful forbearance of God toward the infirmity of his faithful servants, which shall not suffer their message to go forever unheeded.—'The Standard.'

Lesson Helps.

There is a right and a wrong use of lesson helps. Every teacher is perfectly justified in obtaining every possible assistance from commentaries, lesson expositions, and illustrative notes, but this should be done at the right time, and in the right place.

No teacher should ever think of bringing a lesson help into the class. There are some teachers who sit with the lesson exposition book in hand reading from it to the class, and asking questions from its pages. This is a very poor substitute for real teaching.

Superintendents would do well to make it a standing rule of the school that no book would be allowed in the class except the bible. The right way is to commence the study of the lesson early in the week. Read, mark and inwardly digest, so that you are full of the lesson when the time comes for teaching it.

A very successful teacher, when asked the secret of his efficiency replied, 'I read the lesson over on Monday, and think about it, and pray over it, and every day it gets bigger and bigger, till, when Sunday comes, I must teach it or die.' Such a teacher would never think of taking lesson helps into the class.—'Guardian.'

What One Boy Did.

The superintendent asked each one to bring a new scholar to Sunday-school. A little boy asked his father to go, and when he said he could not read, the boy said his teacher would teach him. The father went, learned to read, and sought and found the Saviour.

Years afterwards he established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered.

Thus we see what trying did. The boy's efforts not only saved his father, but led thirty-five thousand children into Sunday-school.

What one child has done another may do. The example is a worthy one.—'Sunbeam.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Read it Again.

Here may I emphasize the importance of teaching the children to love their books, to enjoy hearing them read again and again. Many a mother has done her little ones untold injury by saying, 'O I've read you that, you don't want to hear it again.' If the child does want to hear it again, congratulate yourself and be thankful that a beginning has been made toward a love for books. Then read it again and again as long as the child cares for it, and exert yourself to bring out new ideas and new beauties at each re-reading.

Another important thing is to inculcate early the love of reading to one's self. The mind takes its bent in early youth, and if the time is all given up to play it is hard work to turn the attention to learning to read a little later. But when the child has had the kindergarten training and handled and talked about the objects, then comes the desire to read about these same objects, and thus the love for reading comes naturally and easily, and after a little, when the child can follow along where the mother is reading, and can pick out for himself a few sentences here and there, then the book really becomes his, and his love for it and for books in general grows apace. Encourage the child to read aloud to you, and to read to himself, but keep a watchful eye over what he does read. It is when he thus reads for himself the story or poem which perhaps you first read to him, and then reads it again and again, that he begins to find companionship in books. The mother should not read too much to the child, lest he care little for reading himself. Let her use every means to increase his own desire to read.

Let the study of nature go with the reading of books. Examine the wild flowers, the birds and the caterpillars. Couple the study of nature and books together. If during the winter you have read to the children Jack in the Pulpit, take them to see the 'Jacks' in their own homes. If Tennyson's Brook has been a favorite, take the little ones where they can hear it splashing and gurgling, and then read again the beautiful poem. Take pains to collect beautiful thoughts and exquisite quotations about the plants or animals, or of the country where the children are. Whatever the surroundings there are many books that will furnish just the thoughts we want for the little ones, and thus all nature will work with us to instill into their hearts a love for the beautiful, whether found in nature, in books or in character.—Ruth Mowry Brown, in 'The Congregationalist.'

Finances in the Home.

A lack of sound business understanding between husband and wife has been the ruin of more homes than poverty. When a man and woman enter into a marriage—that most important partnership in life—both members in the new firm should have a distinct appreciation of the financial situation, and as the years pass, the firm's profits and losses should come within the equal knowledge of both.

So would be avoided much of the unhappiness that arises from the husband's thinking his wife extravagant, or the wife's thinking her husband stingy. Nothing is more discouraging to a man than to see his hard-earned money thrown recklessly away on luxuries he feels that only the families of richer men can afford; but often this expenditure is due, not to wilfulness on the wife's part, but to simply not knowing how much her husband can afford to have her spend. He is often over-indulgent. She tells him of two bonnets; one is five dollars more than the other, and she doesn't know whether she ought to get it—'but it is a dear of a bonnet,' she adds, and he, too weakly loving, tells her 'to buy it and look pretty,' and then when the bill comes in he broods over his expenses.

At another time she asks for money to buy a certain piece of bric-a-brac, and meets with a refusal, and, at a loss to reconcile her husband's former generosity with the present denial, inwardly decides that he is 'close.'

Both of these misunderstandings are due to a want of mutual advice and confidence concerning the household treasury.

The way to avoid the unhappiness that such misunderstandings invariably bring about, is for the wife to have an allowance for household expenses, knowing exactly what ratio this allowance bears to her husband's whole income. Whether the allowance be large or small will really matter very little in a home that is established on the above sound-money basis.—'Dixie Farmer.'

Some Summer Dishes.

(By Katherine Armstrong, in 'The Independent.')

It is often a perplexing matter with materfamilias to decide, when the temperature is high and appetites are consequently poor or capricious, what to have for the principal breakfast dish. All people cannot, or think they cannot, do without meat, yet it is hardly welcome of a warm summer morning. Fish or eggs seem to be equally nourishing and sustaining; but we cannot always have even those, and we tire of repetition in food quite as soon as in anything else. Where a roast has been for dinner, slices of cold meat with cooling relishes make a fair and acceptable breakfast the next morning. A ham, or half a ham, boiled, will keep in the refrigerator good for a fortnight. A regular dependence it is in case of emergency, as unexpected company to lunch or a picnic party suddenly gotten up by the juvenile portion of the family.

But we do not always want plain cold meat for our breakfast. What is called the 'skirt' of beef is very nutritious and sweet, can be made available for a dinner dish and relishes well the morning after, served cold, and its savory flavor is a pleasant change. Make dressing of one pint of fine bread crumbs, one beaten egg, some powdered thyme, salt, pepper, and butter the size of an egg. Mix all this well, spread over the skirt and roll up like a jelly roll and tie. This is good either roasted or boiled. In the first place it will require a long hour in a good oven, to be covered with bits of butter, and basted often with the cup of water in the pan beneath. When done, make a gravy of the drippings. It will be found very rich in the strong juice of the meat. The 'cold cuts' from this dish will be found savory and toothsome. To boil, simmer, gently for an hour or more with just sufficient water to cover.

A can of lobster, if fresh ones are not to be had, makes an agreeable change. Drain the lobster, look it over carefully to take out the bones, and break it up into uniform pieces. Then put in a bright saucepan with a lump of butter, and milk enough to cover. Thicken this, when hot, with a spoonful of flour, blanched in a little cold milk. When removed from the fire stir in one egg, carefully so as not to break up the lobster. Spread upon hot buttered toast, and it is ready to serve.

A very quick desert may be made with berries and gelatine in this way: To one ounce of gelatine put half a cup of cold water. In one hour add one pint of boiling water and one coffee cup of sugar. Dissolve well. This is the foundation of a great variety of cold desserts. Butter two one-quart bowls and divide equally between them the still liquid jelly. Now drop carefully into it clean whole strawberries till the bowls are full. Put on the ice to harden. Anything made with gelatine in warm weather should be made the day before wanted. Into the same jelly drop raspberries, and you have a raspberry dessert, and if served with cream it is all the more delicious. It is made, too, of pineapple, by shredding the fruit finely and dropping it in, and of orange also; but the quantity of orange juice should be allowed for; less water in proportion used, and the juice of one lemon added to emphasize the flavor of the orange, as of itself its taste is not especially decided when used in jelly. A coffee charlotte russe is a change from the ordinary kind and easily made. Make a coffeecup of very strong, clear coffee and in it dissolve one ounce of gelatine. Now to one pint of thick cream add four spoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat to a stiff froth with the eggbeater. Now add the thick and clear gelatin, swollen in the coffee, and beat all together till of an even consistency. Line a pudding dish with the sponge cake slices or lady's fingers, pour in the coffee and cream, and put on ice till wanted.

Warm Friends.

The 'Witness' has warm friends, and it is to them that credit is due for its unprecedented success. Unprecedented, because nowhere else in this world has another paper succeeded on 'Witness' lines. There is no other large city daily newspaper, that has been published on Christian-Temperance principles, that has succeeded, though the attempt has doubtless been made in many places. So many warm friends as the Montreal 'Witness' has cannot be found on the subscription list of any other newspaper anywhere. If you do not take the 'Witness,' and do not know why it has such friends, send us twenty-five cents in three cent stamps, and we will send you either the 'Daily Witness' for one month or the 'Weekly Witness' for three months; or, if you prefer to subscribe for a year, the rates are:

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'In His Steps,' is an interesting story. Those who begin it would read it to the end for the sake of the story if for nothing else. But they'll find something else that will interest them more than any mere story.—The 'Witness.'

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